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THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY SIR BULWER LYTTON.

There is no death. The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death. The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the Summer shower
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flower.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry flocks they bear;
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death. The leaves may fall
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, through Winter hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death. An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our sweetest, fairest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of care and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to the world of light
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again,
With joy we meet those who have gone before us.
In life—there is no death.

SPELLING MANIA AND DELUSION.

It is terrible, the mania! You are stopped upon the street and invited to spell pedler, or pedlar, or peddler, or some other word. Your wife wakes you up in the middle of the night to spell "sarcophagus;" your children hasten to the breakfast table to ask you to spell "synonymous," and devote all their spare time to the dictionary; your oldest boy comes home late at night in a weeping mood and explains it thus: "I went to see Mary (his sweetheart) this evening; she met me at the door with, 'Spell cryopilas, Tom!' I spelt it with two 'c's' and no 'y,' and she said, 'Sir, our engagement is at an end; I cannot love more a bad speller.' Her father, on being appealed to, says, 'Give Tom one more trial. Spell consanguineous, sir.' I spelled it with four 'n's' and two 'u's,' and he bade me leave the house and never hope to be his son-in-law." *Boston Traveler.*

A CARDINAL IN AMERICAN ANOMALY.

It cannot be denied that a Cardinal in New York will be in a very anomalous and uncomfortable position. There will be nobody with whom he can associate on equal terms. His rank is that of a Prince, and he must be addressed as "His Eminence!" His costume, which he must of necessity wear, will subject him to constant observation. Even in London, Cardinal Wiseman found himself unpleasantly conspicuous, although he was surrounded by princes and nobles. But Cardinal McCloskey will be wholly segregated from all social surroundings, and set a part in his splendid trappings. He will be a most picturesque personage when he goes out for an airing or to an evening party, clad in a complete suit of scarlet—even scarlet stockings, shoes, and hat—and the wheels of his carriage must correspond in color. The broad-brimmed red hat, with its immense tassels, which typifies the sacred office of Cardinal, is only worn on official occasions; and for ordinary purposes a red velvet hat, without any brim, is the usual covering on an Eminence. *N. Y. Independent.*

SPINNER ON WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

General Spinner, in the course of a recent interview, said in answer to a question as to whether there has not been stealing in the Treasury, "Yes. Recently there has been money stolen in the National Bank Redemption Agency. When Graves, who is in charge, found out he had a thief with him, he carefully investigated, and laid traps to catch him. He came to me one day and said he had a clew. I said, 'Well, what is it?' He said that he suspected one or two women. I shook my head and said, 'You are wrong. A woman won't steal.' Now, I know they won't. They have not got the nerve. The reason why I prefer women as couriers is because they won't steal. If they do steal, they won't take over one or two dollars, because, as I said before, they haven't the nerve. If a woman steals any larger amount you can make up your mind she has a 'beau' outside who is a man." *New York Graphic.*

PAT'S ADVANTAGE.

An Irishman went into a butcher's store and asked:

"Have you any sheep heads, Mister?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

Pat, after a deal of higgling, bought one, and then wished to know how to make it ready. The shopman began to tell him, but Pat, not being blessed with a good memory, asked him to write it down on a piece of paper, and meantime laid the purchase he had made down at the shop door. A dog, seeing a good chance, seized the head and bolted down the street. Pat immediately gave chase, bawling at the top of his voice:

"Come back and me sheep's head, ye robber, ye!"

But after a stiff run he had to give in dead beat, when he consoled himself with the remark:

"Never mind, he hasn't got the resate how to make it ready!"

FEMALE RIGHTS.

Only the female spiders spin webs, says Professor Morse. They own all the real estate, and the males have to live a vagabond life, under stones and in other obscure hiding places. If they come about the house so often as to bore the ruling sex, they are mercilessly killed and eaten. The spider's skin is as unyielding as the shells of lobsters and crabs, and is shed from time to time in the same way, to accommodate the animal's growth. If you poke over the rubbish in a female spider's sack yard, among her cast off corsets you will find the jackets of the males who have paid for their sociality with their lives—trophies of her barbarism as truly as scalps show the savage nature of the red man.

POE'S IN A PUZZLE.

Cottle, in "Life of Coleridge," relates the following amusing incident:—"I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness with difficulty; but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation and he great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown out of proportion since the collar was put on; for he said it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *ass frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar. Just at this instant a servant girl came near, and, understanding the cause of our consternation, 'La, master,' said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this;' when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied at least that there were depths of knowledge in the world to which we had not attained."

HIS HONOR GETS EVEN WITH ABNER.

"Abner Weeks, who are you, and why do you stand before me?" asked his honor of the next prisoner. "I'm a plumber, and I s'pose was drunk," was the reply. "Ah, it does me good to see you here!" continued the court. "Plumber, eh? One of those sort of men who agree to fix a water-pipe right off, and then go around to it a week from Saturday! I'll plumb you before you get through. I've had you at my house, working three days to mend a pin hole in a water-pipe. I've had the bill come in and I paid it, and jumped on my hat and solemnly vowed that I'd get even some day. I've had to carry water four blocks for the last four months, because the plumbers couldn't come and plumb, and now, Abner Weeks, I'll leave it to yourself if I ought not to send you up for three months." Abner pondered over the case, and finally said he thought thirty days was about the figure. "Well, I'll say thirty to you and put ninety on the commitment," continued his honor, "and you can argue it out with the officials up here." *Detroit Free Press.*

A NOBLE MAYOR.

Los Angeles is blessed in having a noble Mayor, one who says what he means, means what he says, and acts in accordance therewith.

Almost all the words in his recent veto against reducing the bonds of the saloonists should be most carefully pondered by temperance people and others.

A pretty plea was introduced for reducing saloonists' bonds in behalf of poor old men who cannot work. Better far let the State support them in almshouses than let them be made decoy birds to lead their fellow men to destruction.

They cried "Revenue." The Mayor met the plea nobly, by saying the deficiency would be more than compensated in the saving made only in the salaries of policemen.

But one of his best positions was in choosing that the welfare and safety of the people are of far greater importance to the State than the protection of saloonists for their purposes of personal aggrandizement.

Mayor Beaudry of Los Angeles is right. He has acted and spoken nobly. We rejoice to class his name with those of other worthy mayors, who faithfully discharge their duties for the welfare of those communities that have called them to positions of responsibility and honor. These are the men who belong to earth's truest legions of honor. May their numbers be greatly multiplied. *California Lesnee.*

REPRODUCTION OF BURNT RECORDS.

M. Rathelot, an officer of the Paris Law Courts, has succeeded, in an ingenious manner, in transcribing a number of the registers which were burnt during the commune. These registers had remained so long in the fire that each of them seemed to have become a homogeneous block, more like a slab of charcoal than anything else, and, when an attempt was made to detach a leaf, it fell away into powder. Many scientific men had examined these unpromising black blocks, when M. Rathelot hit upon the following method of operation: In the first place, he cut off the back of the book so as to leave nothing but a mass of leaves, which the fire had caused to adhere to each other. He then steeped the book in water, and afterward exposed it, as I was saying, to the heat at the mouth of a calorifere. The water, as it evaporated, raised the leaves one by one, and the, could be separated, but with extraordinary precautions. Each sheet was then deciphered, and the copy certified by a legal officer. In this way, the records of nearly 70,000 official acts have been saved. The appearance of the page was very curious; the writing appeared of a dull black, while the paper was of a lustrous black something like velvet decorations on a black satin ground, so that the entries were not difficult to read.

ECONOMIC AGENCIES.

There is vegetation on the globe more ready than our own to discover and develop latent resources, yet, perhaps there are none more indifferent to the destruction of the elements, the waste of the seasons and the ravages of insects. The country produces abundantly despite these destructive agencies, and we have therefore treated them with indifference, but the time is rapidly approaching when the question of food for our accumulating millions will summon to active exercise all the economic forces at our command.

Dr. Packard, of the American *Naturalist*, declares that from noxious animals and fungus growths we, as a nation, lose $500,000,000 annually, while Dr. Walsh estimates that our yearly loss, from insects alone, is $300,000,000. In 1854, New York lost $15,000,000 from the ravages of the Hessian fly in the wheat, and in 1864, Illinois lost $7,000,000 by the chinch bug, and the present year we see several States and Territories almost ruined by grasshoppers, that, arising in the Rocky Mountains, have swept across that region.

These figures lead us to see that if he who makes two spears of grass grow where there was but one, is a benefactor, then he who causes but one bug to grow where there were two, is equally beneficent.

For all her poisons Nature has towed up somewhere her antidotes, and it is the work of modern science to discover and apply them.

A few years since, New York City was infested with caterpillars that covered all the trees in the parks and gardens, and clung to the clothes of the inhabitants. As a remedy for this great annoyance, the English Sparrow was imported, and twitters everywhere in New York and Brooklyn, but there are no caterpillars in Europe, Chalcis flies are fostered as a means of destroying the wheat midge.

Dr. Le Baron is at present transporting parasitic insects to Northern Illinois, and is thereby having considerable success in exterminating the vermin so destructive to the apple trees, and the attention and capital of the nation should at once be directed to an extension of the work along this line. If our State Agricultural Colleges are to realize the designs that led to their establishment, this subject cannot be overlooked. Every State should have, either as a member of the faculty in these colleges, or as a State official, its State Entomologist. There are at present but four States that have such appointments.

In Europe, where the annual supply of food has become so pressing a question, vast sums of money have been expended in founding professorships on this subject.

In this country we are doing much toward increasing supplies, but very little toward arresting destruction. Very successful schemes are being carried out to fill our lakes and rivers with an abundant supply of fish. For this purpose money is being liberally appropriated and the efforts of practical men enlisted; yet, while the orchards and fields of the country have been yearly ravaged by these enemies, little, more than $2000 a year have been expended by the government for the investigation and care of these destructive influences. The grasshoppers are not the only pest originating in the Rocky Mountains, but the little striped potato bug is also attributed to this region, and has steadily made its way across the country at the rate of fifty miles a year until the country at large has suffered from its incursions.

A writer upon this subject asserts that "man has destroyed the harmonies of Nature previously existing between plants and insects or other animals by the arts and appliances of civilization, and his next work is to restore these harmonies by a studied acquaintance with the habits of insects and their natural enemies."

We believe that it would be the best possible use that could be made of the amount of money necessary to sustain such an office in our new State, and all our adjacent States and Territories, and these professors in the different States, uniting their efforts and researches, much might be done to economize our productions, and thus, by improving the quantity of our food supplies, give impulse to all our industrial pursuits. Dr. Hitch is said to save to the State of New York $50,000 annually; let other States imitate the example. *Central Register.*

HANGING BASKETS.

What looks better than pretty hanging baskets tastefully filled with plants? Yet, how seldom are they to be met with? Baskets of living plants may easily be had in perfection; select such kinds as will stand in rooms. As regards the baskets themselves, I like to see the wire work painted dark green. Some paint it with bright colors, which quite spoil the effect of the flowers, which should be gay enough, as regards colors, without any addition in the way of paint. Inside the wire work put a thick layer of green moss, so as to prevent the soil from dropping through, over this put some broken crocks, fill up with whatever compost is best suited to the requirements of the plants with which the baskets are to be filled. For Summer decoration there are numberless plants that can be grown in baskets; but, for Winter blooming, nothing is better, or looks more showy, than Robinson's Unique Geranium or Scarlet Tropæolum, both of which will continue in flower all through the Winter, and droop down gracefully all round the basket. A basket, indeed, never looks well unless it is furnished with some drooping plant round the edge, as, for instance, with the variegated Ivy-leaved Pelargonium called Lil'le Elegante; while, in the centre, should be a nicely grown plant of Fuchsia Mrs. Marshall. Pretty baskets may also be made of silver variegated Geranium, Lady Plymouth, and bright blue Lobelia, or blue Convolvulus, with Christine Geranium in the centre; but for any flower that suits, and is put in with good taste, will look well. For large baskets, suited for Lobbies, mixed foliage plants, such as variegated Sedums, Echeverias, Cresmes, and Cent ureas, have an effective appearance. A window box made of wood, and lined with zinc, assembled by four cords or wires, up which can be trained creepers, also makes a pretty room ornament. The great point, as regards keeping plants in baskets or boxes fresh and in good health, is to give them plenty of water during the growing season, but more sparingly in Winter, and to keep the leaves clean. If baskets are hung high there should be some means of lowering them, as it is troublesome getting up to them every morning with steps. If the baskets are small, the best way is to carry them away and water them outside, but in the case of large baskets this cannot be done, so a tea tray or something of the kind should be placed under them to catch the drips. *Ladies' London Garden.*

A SOMNAMBULIST.

The following is from Mark Twain's "Old Times on the Mississippi," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April:

There used to be an excellent pilot on the river, a Mr. X, who was a somnambulist. It was said that if his mind was troubled about a bad piece of river, he was pretty sure to get up and walk in his sleep and do strange things. He was once fellow-pilot for a trip or two with Geo. E——, on a great New Orleans passenger packet. During a considerable part of the first trip George was uneasy, but he got over it by and by, as X. seemed content to stay in his bed when asleep. Late one night the boat was approaching Helena, Arkansas, the water was low, and the crossing above the town in a very blind and tangled condition. Mr. X. had been the crossing since I had, and, as the night was particularly drizzly, sullen, and dark, E—— was considering whether he had not better have X called to assist in running the place, when the door opened and X. walked in. Now on very dark nights light is a deadly enemy to piloting; you are aware that if you stand in a lighted room, on such a night, you cannot see things in the street to any purpose; but if you put out the lights and stand in the gloom you can make out objects in the street pretty well. So, on very dark nights, pilots do not smoke; they allow no fire in the pilot house stove if there is a crack which can allow the least ray to escape; they order the furnaces to be curtained with huge tarpaulins and the sky lights to be closely blinded. Then no light whatever issues from the boat. The undefinable shape that now entered the pilot house had Mr. X.'s voice. This said,

"Let me take her, Mr. E——; I've seen this place since you have, and it is so crooked that I reckon I can run it myself easier than I could tell you how to do it."

"It is kind of you, and I swear I am willing, I haven't got another drop of perspiration left in me. I have been spinning around and around the wheel like a squirrel. It is so dark I could tell which way she is swinging till she is coming around like a whirligig."

So E—— took a seat on the bench, panting and breathless. The black phantom assumed the wheel without saying anything, steadied the waltzing steamer with a turn or two, and then stood at ease, coaxing her a little to this side and then to that, as gently and sweetly as if the time had been noon day. When E—— observed this marvel of steering, he wished he had not confessed. He stared, and wondered, and finally said:

"Well, I thought I knew how to steer a steamboat, but that was another mistake of mine."

X. said nothing, but went serenely on with his work. He rang for the leads; he rang to slow down the steam; he worked the boat carefully and neatly into invisible marks, then stood at the centre of the wheel and peered blandly out into the blackness, one and all, to verify his position; as the leads shoaled more and more, he stopped the engines entirely, and the dead silence and suspense of "drifting" followed; when the shoalest water was struck, he cracked on the steam, carried her handsomely over, and then began to work her warily into the next system of shoal marks; the same patient, heedful use of leads and engines followed, the boat slipped through without touching bottom, and entered upon the hard and last intricacy of the crossing; inperceptibly she moved through the gloom, crept by inches into her marks, drifted tediously till the shoalest water was cried, and then, under a tremendous head of steam, went swinging over the reef and away into deep water and safety!

E—— let his long pent breath pour out in a great, relieving sigh, and said:

"That's the sweetest piece of piloting that was ever done on the Mississippi River! I wouldn't believe it could be done, if I hadn't seen it."

There was no reply, and he added:

"Just hold her five minutes longer, partner, and let me run down and get a cup of coffee."

A minute later E—— was lying into a pipe, down in the "texas," and comforting himself with coffee. Just then the night watchman happened in, and was about to happer out again, when he noticed E—— and exclaimed:

"Who is at the wheel, sir?"

"X."

"Dart for the pilot-house, quicker than lightning!"

The next moment both men were flying up the pilot-house companion-way, three steps at a jump! Nobody there! The great steamer was whistling down the middle of the river at her own sweet will! The watchman shot out of that place again; E—— seized the wheel, set an engine back with power, and he drew his breath while the boat reluctantly swung away from a "towhead" which she was about to knock into the Gulf of Mexico!

By and by the watchman came back and said:

"Didn't that lunatic tell you he was asleep when he first came up here?"

"No."

"Well, he was—I found him walking along on top of the railings, just as unconcernedly as another man would walk a pavement; and put him to bed; now just this minute there he was again, away astern, going through that sort of tight-rope civility the same as before!"

"Well, I think I stay by next time he has one of those fits. But I hope he'll have them often. You just ought to have seen him take this boat through Helena. I never saw anything so sandy before. And, he can do such golden-leaf, kid-glove, diamond-breastpin piloting when he is sound asleep, what *wouldn't* he do if he was dead?"

FASHIONS AND GOSSIP.

Black shoes may be bronzed by a strong solution of analine red in alcohol.

The Danbury *News* says Ulster overcoats are not very pretty, but they will come handy when making up stock for the new kitchen carpet.

One Parisian milliner alone has 40,000 humming-birds consigned to her every season for ornamenting ladies' bonnets and dresses.

Many toilettes this season have only one skirt, but of such heavy material and so abundantly trimmed, that it is even more expensive than a double skirt.

Sensibly shaped shoes are at last in vogue. The newest give ease and a handsome shape to the foot and do not cramp it into unnatural size.

Says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*: "The reign of the chignon is over; its glory has departed; its name is forbidden." Chignon was bad enough, but the change of name is enough to banish it.

Mrs. Hooper sends this interesting list of news from Paris to the Philadelphia *Press*: "The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia has recently made a marvelous purchase, in the shape of a bed room garniture of point d'Alencon lace, which was originally manufactured for Marie Antoinette. The approach of the revolution prevented the unfortunate Queen from becoming its possessor. It was afterward bought by Napoleon I. as a bridal present for Marie Louise, and was again sold after the Hundred Days. After many vicissitudes this regal piece of finery has at last found its way into royal hands once more. It comprises a set of curtains, a counterpane, and six pillow covers. The lace is as fine as the finest flounces ever worn by a royal bride, and the pattern represents baskets, wreaths, and clusters of roses and lilies in high relief on the delicate net which forms the back ground of that most splendid of all modern lace, the point d'Alencon. The price paid for this marvelous garniture was only 25,000 francs ($5,000). It has never been used, none of its possessors since the days of Marie Louise having ventured to display such a piece of royal extravagance, therefore it may be considered as a great bargain for a new purchaser. It was suggested that a princess one day return to France as the possessor of a new Empress, the Grand Duchess Marie being the lady to whose daughter it was recently reported that the Prince Imperial was betrothed. But the Grand Duchess, and fortunately has no daughter, which is a sight unpleasant to the projected union."

STRAW HATS. Hats are decidedly larger than any that have been worn for many years, and chip is the material of which they are composed. They are as soft as any slouch hat, have higher crowns, and wide brims capriciously rolled, turned, and indented, and I am sure they are like gentlemen's hats, very slightly modified. The chip of which these hats are composed is exceedingly fine, and as soft and pliable as lace. White, it is predicted, will be the favorite, but nut brown, red, and black are also shown. These hats vary very much in shape, both in the width, and denting, and turning up of the brims. For young girls and misses, straw hats are shown in an improved sailor shape, the crown being round instead of flat, and the wide brim is turned upward all around. Robbons damasks, figured crapes, and many new materials are used for trimming, the favorite shades are blue, pink, nut brown, drabs of all shades, [illegible] new blue, *paille* or straw color, and cream colors. The plain colors are enlivened by bordes of bright colors. The novel trimming for these new hats is wide scarf ribbons of soft damask serge of a single color, with damask figures of the same color. These are as broad as sash ribbons, and as pliable as the plain moiré faille silks used for neckties; the brocaded damask designs upon them make them very rich looking. Flowers for trimming hats are mounted in large wreaths with trailing sprays behind, or else in one single compact cluster. Of the wreaths, many are alternating pink and tea roses, to go around the hat, while pendent behind is a bird bunch of dark red Agrippina roses, and to show their long stemmed double rubber [illegible] *Ladies' Book.*

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Ulysses S. Grant, jr., is making a tour of Scotland.

The Prince of Wales will visit India in the Summer.

Evarts is to get a $10,000 fee in the Beecher case.

Ole Bull is sixty five years old, and he has a collection of twenty four bad Pes.

Max Strakosch has lost $100,000 by his opera speculations this year, and has permanently retired from the business.

The guardian of the tomb of Napoleon I., Pierre Hendier, died recently at the age of 70 years. He always felt honored at holding command over the ashes of the man who once commanded so many.

The late Arthur Helps lost his private fortune after his appointment as clerk of the Privy Council, and he once placed his resignation in the president's hands, saying that the post was one which ought not, for constitutional reasons, to be held by an impoverished man.

S. L. Clemens, "Mark Twain," is put down among the heavy tax payers of Hartford, Ct., paying taxes on $94,45[illegible]. Of course this does not represent his entire property, as there are many exemptions. Marshall Jewell figures in the same list with $102,130.

The oldest lawyer in the world lives in New York City, and his name is Elbert Herring. He was admitted to the bar in 1798. He became judge of the marine court the year the first Napoleon became Emperor of France, and is now ninety eight years old.

"Uncle Tom," the good old slave from whom Mrs. Stowe drew her famous character, has lately appeared in Boston, where he has been soliciting donations to clear off the debt of $1,300 on his homestead, and thus securing it to his wife and grandchildren. He is living at Dawn, Canada West, and is too old to labor further. Of the amount needed, $700 have been subscribed.

The death of Mrs. Gerrit Smith has followed close upon that of her husband. She was born in Maryland, and connected with two of the influential families, the Hadaughs and Carrolls. Her father became a resident of New York, however, more than 60 years ago, and was one of the proprietors of Rochester, where probably Mrs. Smith met her husband. She was a lady of the sweetest and noblest character, whom to know was to admire and love. Mrs. James G. Birney, wife of the Alabama slave holder who freed his slaves and then became the liberty party candidate for president, was her sister, and she had many relatives on both sides during the civil war. Like her husband, she was an earnest abolitionist, and a sincere and intimate friend of John Brown.

Gen. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, has resigned, and will quit the office he has so long and honorably filled on the 1st of July. He will be succeeded by Mr. John C. New, Cashier of the First National Bank of Indianapolis. Gen. Spinner was appointed Treasurer by Secretary Chase early in the war. Before accepting the office he told Chase that there were two things in the law that he did not like. "In the first place," he said, "the law requires that I shall give bonds. I will not ask any man to go my bail." "That will be easily remedied," replied Chase. "Hundreds will volunteer to go on your bond." Then the General objected that under the law nearly every position in his office was to be filled by the President. Gen. Spinner felt that, as he was under bond, and as none of his assistants were required to give bonds, he ought to have the privilege of choosing his own clerks and assistants, and Mr. Chase readily acquiesced. There was probably never a more faithful officer of the government than General Spinner. For the first five years that he held the office he was constantly at his post, working an average of seventeen hours a day. So confident he stay in his place that in those five years he did not once visit his home in New York State. His integrity has always been above suspicion.

THE COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE
AND EL PASO COUNTY NEWS.

Official Paper of El Paso County.

APRIL 24, 1875.

THE LOCAL PAPER. You owe it to yourselves to rally liberally to its support and exact from it as able, high toned a character as you would do from any educator in your midst. It is in no sense beneath notice and care for it is your representative. Indeed, in its character, it is the summation of the importance, interest and welfare of you all. It is the aggregate of your own consequence, and you cannot do more or less without miserably depreciating yourselves. *New York Times.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A cross on the wrapper of the GAZETTE signifies that the subscription has expired, and that the paper will be stopped. Those who wish it to be continued are requested to renew their subscriptions as soon as they see the cross.

Probably the most important of the many public duties that devolve upon the citizens of every community, is the election of their local officers. Elections occur so frequently, we now so generally perform them in the most careless and thoughtless manner. Whenever the time comes for the election of a President of the United States, or a Member of Congress, the people are aroused to a high pitch with great unanimity, though the duty of republican institutions depends upon the exercise of the franchise at those elections. This is right, and we would in no means discourage it, but we may almost ask the people if every community have a much greater interest in the election to whom shall be Mayor, Constable, Street Supervisor, Scavenger, than to whom shall be President of the United States or Representative in Congress? The latter officers are remote so far from the people, whether they be good or bad officials, whether they do their duty or neglect it, that the effect of their conduct is felt only in a general way, and probably. The legislation of Congress is generally felt by the people of the country, and yet how few of the people do their duty in the matter of voting for Congressmen! Men only interested in the welfare of their own immediate locality should be elected Trustees

BASE BALL.

The base ball season in our town has thoroughly opened. On Saturday last the second game of the season was played on Acme Park, between the "Presbyterians," or more properly called the "College Boys," and the "Actives," both clubs belonging to our town. The following is the score:

Colleges		Actives	
[illegible]	[illegible]	Wheeler, c & 1b	[illegible]
Green, 1b	[illegible]	J. Dowell, p	[illegible]
P. Carter	[illegible]	Dr. Conley, 2b	[illegible]
Perkins	[illegible]	C. Morris, ss	[illegible]
Becker, l	[illegible]	H. White, 1st b	[illegible]
Neff	[illegible]	A. White, l	[illegible]
Kirk, r	[illegible]	Coffin, l	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Savage, r	[illegible]
		Higgins, r	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

ROUND ABOUT THE TERRITORY.

Spring flowers in the foot-hills.

Cholera is the pest of Pueblo.

The government Town Clerk gets $50 a year.

Rev. Sue Jon Jackson is in the San Juan country.

D[illegible] is again moving to secure a $5,000 school house.

The [illegible] house square at Pueblo is painted with [illegible].

The [illegible] for sale, in Las Animas District, assays $[illegible] per ton, in silver.

Pueblo's court house is to be fenced in with iron.

[illegible] Central carried by a large majority.

[illegible] Creek Valley is worth $30 per [illegible].

[illegible] to build a Methodist church [illegible] addition to Denver.

[illegible] in Pueblo during the last week, amounting to a loss of $2,550.

[illegible] will be put in operation in Mo[illegible] this Summer, one of them at the Spr[illegible].

[illegible] business will be extensively engaged in throughout the S[illegible] during this [illegible].

[illegible] of the new Episcopal church [illegible] by Bishop Spaulding [illegible].

[illegible] are plenty in Pueblo and trifling gossipers in the Arkansas Valley.

[illegible] Lodge of Del Norte was [illegible] the 17th instant, with [illegible].

[illegible] Hall of [illegible] "Jupiter Lost".

A [illegible] to extend to Rev. W[illegible] the use of the Congregational church.

[illegible] in Pueblo, [illegible] silver glance, was found. It has been estimated at 70 per cent silver, or [illegible] $16,000 per ton. Mr. John Schenck found a piece of this same ore on the river bank, near the slaughter house. Mr. H. C. Peterson has also picked up one or two pieces of the same rich ore. Mr. Gill drove his wagon over a large lump of it near the Pueblo Union, and smashed it to pieces. It has been traced some distance among the foot hills, and knowing ones believe the mine from which all these specimens have been washed is not over two miles from the residence of Mr. Marsh, at the mouth of the canon. Prospectors are now searching the hills in that vicinity, and we sincerely hope some fortunate individual may find this fabulously rich ore. *Pueblo Chieftain.*

PUBLIC SURVEYS.

Surveyor General Scraight is not yet advised as to the amount of money appropriated for public surveys in Colorado this year, but it is reported at $80,000. Another report says $60,000. It is his intention to spend the money where it will do the most good, that is, where it will accommodate the largest number of settlers. It is apparent to anyone acquainted with the country that that ride will carry most of it into the mountains. There are many valleys, great and small, that are settling up with ranchmen, where surveys are lately needed, so that they can perfect titles. There are many mining districts where the surveys are equally necessary to enable miners to secure their patents without losing their claims. Surveyors will be found to survey any and every township that may be required.

General Scraight desires the settlers in the mountains where the public surveys have not been extended to notify him as to what they need. It will be well to specify exactly the township and range, state the number of settlers in it, or the probable number of mines to which titles will be sought. Let as many as can do so, severally sign such representations and petitions, and send them in at once, and we have no doubt the work will be apportioned where it will be most needed. *Denver News.*

EDUCATION.

Hardly a place in Colorado pay out thousands of dollars each year for the support of common, collegiate, and special schools, and all for the purpose of meeting the desire for education that exists among us. What this education signifies, or what its effects will be in the immediate future, is a point that is, perhaps, conveniently laid aside, as it involves the possible upsetting of some cherished theories, and might make it necessary for a starting renovation.

On abstract questions of education most people agree, but when we seek to determine the particular path pursued which education should be directed, or the particular method by which it should be carried out, then the agreement ceases, and if we arrive at any conclusion at all, it will be of a compromise nature, holding the parts of truth and intimate mixture with the feldspar of error.

"Practical" people would confine education to specific things—how to spell all the words in the spelling book, to "do" all the sums in the common arithmetic, to pronounce the hard words in the reader, and to tell off the geographical position of various mountains, rivers, and cities.

All this is well in its place, but when it crowds out how to work, how to live, and how to enjoy, it leaves us in the position of a steam engine without any steam, and leads to "great expectations" with comparatively nothing to bring them about.

We differ, therefore, from "practical" people as to the management in education, and assert that the training of specific facts should be secondary to a course of training that kindles a desire to learn, and that will enable us to see correctly through our own eyes, to understand correctly through our own brains, and to state clearly our thoughts and convictions in our own language. Any education that fails of this is not worthy of the name, no matter how heavily it may load its graduates with the rubbish of by-gone times—or with facts of the present, which it has neither taught them to understand nor apply.

A man with a quick perception has little need for a loaded memory, and may trust himself to deal with the occasion when the occasion comes—not as some body else dealt with an occasion of like nature, but as *he* should deal with the present one, accompanied, as it must be, with new conditions and new circumstances. McClellan was well-versed in the army systems of Europe, and could repeat the evolutions of any of the great battles of modern times. But when the new conditions and circumstances of our recent war stared him in the face, he lacked the quick perception that gave Sheridan success, and that enabled the latter to turn defeat into victory in the Shenandoah Valley, and cavalry into infantry at the decisive moment at Five Forks. McClellan stood high among the text-book students at West Point, and Sheridan graduated there "by the skin of his teeth."

Which is the better soldier to-day? The one that possesses the heavy stock of other men's ideas, or the one that has a quick perception of his own, with just enough of specific knowledge to enable him to turn his perception into action, and to direct the movements of others. Your answer must favor Sheridan, as there is nothing after all so "successful as success," and the element called "chance" is but another name for reason. The reason, in the case cited, was a high development of the *perceptive* faculty, which more than compensated for a small supply of specific knowledge, and gave us the originality of a man rather than the imitation of a monkey.

In schools where the "practical" idea has taken strong root, the text-book is king, and students who repeat most fluently the exact answers of the text, occupy the highest places on the "roll of honor," while their more inquisitive companions are set down as failures, fit to learn a trade, perhaps, but forever debarred from the learned professions.

The first develops the memory at the expense of the understanding, while the latter must use the understanding because they have no "memory" on hand. The first receive the applause of parents and teachers because they can repeat a form of words having reference to a certain matter, while the latter remain unrecognized until the actual strife is entered, and then their better developed perceptions place them over their more fluent companions, and demand for them the fairly recognition of reasonable success, and that stereotyped exclamation, "Well, who would have thought it?"

The text book method is a grand producer of human stupidity, and the proper complement of the text-book teacher. As both are the natural outcome of the "practical" theory of education, the supply cannot be throttled until the demand ceases.—*Golden Transcript.*

THE LITERATURE OF COLORADO.

It has long been the pride and boast of our people that the average Coloradan is an intelligent man or woman, often well educated, always a reader if not a careful student, and generally capable of appreciating undefiled English—all of which is extremely probable and much of which is undoubtedly true. The fact remains, however, that the average Coloradan is singularly and persistently averse to putting pen to paper, to the end that current literature may be enriched by his or her contributions.

Why this is true, or why this should be true, is not readily understood, unless it be taken in connection with an oft repeated statement to the effect that we are as a people too critical to place a high estimate on home literary productions, and even good writers shrink from subjecting their articles to a running fire of unfavorable comment. The News does not hold positively to this idea, but there is something in it, beyond a doubt, and it is especially true of what may be classed as "fine writing"—a sort of cross between "true niawardness" and newspaper slush poetry—but there is surely no excuse for such writing in Colorado. On the contrary, the inspiration to be drawn from the pure air of the mighty plains and mightier mountains ought to supplant sentimentality, and strengthen our literature beyond the measure of almost any other locality. It is notoriously well known that none but often correspondents who come here to write about Colorado will stop over prodigiously, to the amuse ment of our people, who seem not to think one of their duty and privilege to write about these things themselves in a matter of fact, common sense way.

Colorado can hardly be said to have a distinctive literature, so little has been produced here beyond newspapers and advertisements. Even literary hebdomadals do not flourish here by reason of especial literary merit, or the interest of the literary class. The contributions to this class of periodicals are rather numerous and usually first class. They are well enough in their way, but the best talent does not write for them—not, for that matter, for any other class of publications. If the *News* could have brief, sparkling, descriptive letters from a fraction of the really able writers scattered all over the Territory, on the ranches as well as in the mining camps, it would be one of the most interesting papers on the continent, as it is now one of the best.

Greeley aspires to be the Athens of Colorado, basing its grounds chiefly on the fact that a couple of thrilling serials have been printed in the *Tribune* since it was founded by Father Meeker. The first of these appeared, under the pleasing, alliterative title of "Rosa Robbins," in every issue of the paper for some months, when it was suddenly and mysteriously discontinued, probably through the discouragement of the author. After a period of rest the same paper began again with another serial—still thrilling and still slightly alliterative—"Mac Smith in the Mountains." But the *Denver Times* of Greeley laughed this to scorn, as they had done the other, and literature is again, temporarily, under a cloud at our Athens.

Colorado Springs, perhaps, can boast of more true culture than any of our cities outside of Denver. It has done even more than Denver in supporting a literary magazine under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, and there are many hidden talents there, as here, that might grace the pages of the most pretentious publications. Mr. ALLEN, whose most untimely death will long be deplored by the people among whom he lived and labored, was a writer of much more than ordinary ability, and a constant contributor to English magazines. And here is food for thought, that this Englishman's strong, terse, plain style of composition seemed to suit our people better than the more florid and fanciful productions of American writers.

By this fact, and by concurrent testimony, it appears that the literature of Colorado must be natural and easy in style; that it must deal with the plain facts of every day rather than artificial life; that it must be neither heroic nor sentimental, and, above all, that it must stream of pure and vigorous English must flow smoothly through well constructed and properly connected sentences, into compact and sensible articles, books, poems, etc. It may be years yet before our people find time to devote themselves to the development of purely artistic matters, but literature has stronger holds upon public interest, and its progress is more nearly allied to the prosperity of the State. In the highest and noblest sense it is an advertisement for any community, and in the case of Colorado, with the finest climate and the grandest scenery on the continent, it needs something more than mere newspaper scribbling to properly set forth the attractions of the Centennial State.—*Denver News.*

EDWARD GERRY, THE PIONEER.

Of Mr. Gerry, notice of whose death was published in these columns last week, the Greeley *Sun* says:—

Elbridge Gerry, the well known pioneer and ranchman, died at Evans on Saturday night last, after a brief illness, aged 57 years.

He was one of the few survivors of the old band of trappers and traders whose adventures and fights with the Indians have invested the country lying along and amid the Rocky Mountains with so much interest, not to say romance. He came from the vicinity of Boston twenty-five years ago, being about twenty-two years of age, and was in the employment of Sublette & Lent, and afterwards in that of the American Fur Company. A number of years were spent about the North Platte and in Montana, in trapping and trading.

In 1849 he bought a saw mill of Col. St Vrain, on the Greenhorn, but it is not known how long he was in this business. He, in company with an associate, kept a trading post for ten or twelve years, at a point thirty-five miles below Fort Laramie. In 1849 he moved from the North Platte Country to near his present location, where he lived the remainder of his life.

He was twice married, his first and wife surviving him; both were Indians of the Sioux nation.

During his life he had many encounters with the Indians, running narrow escapes. Several times his knowledge of Indian matters enabled him to apprise the white settlers living along the Platte of impending attacks by the savages, and as a consequence incurred no little ill-will on their part. In 1864 and 1866 the Sioux made raids on his ranch, and carried off his horses. For these losses government reimbursed him several years later to the amount of $13,500. In 1866 the same tribe captured his mule train comprising six six-mule teams. Last Winter the government allowed him $5,000 for the same, and the money will probably be appropriated next Winter.

Mr. Gerry possessed the frontier virtues of bravery, honesty and hospitality in an eminent degree, and his memory will always be grateful to the old settlers throughout Northern Colorado and far up beyond the Head-waters of the Platte. He was the promoter of the Gerry House, at Evans and owner consequently of the property down the river. It is said that he was the grandson of Elbridge Gerry, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

According to the *Pioneer*, just a little touch of the Lynch County code wouldn't hurt Trinidad. It says that while a gentleman was passing along the street two shots were fired at him, giving him a very close call. The editor adds: "It is well known that 'bloods' of Wichita are in our midst, and a little healthy 'cleaning out' would not do Trinidad any harm."

Mr. Neils P. Errickson, the head contractor on the new road now building from Georgetown to Empire, met with sudden death last Thursday week. A blast had been put into a very large mass of rock, which stood on the line of the road, and had split it in two. Mr. Errickson was endeavoring to undermine one of the huge fragments, so as to roll it off the line, when it suddenly gave way and fell over, striking Mr. E. on one side of the head, and crushing in his skull in such a manner as to cause instantaneous death. Mr. Errickson was forty years of age on the 6th of January last. He was a native of Sweden, but had been a resident of this country a number of years. He was an honest, industrious and sober man, and had the respect of all who knew him. The past Winter he bought a lot in town and put up a dwelling house, and was married only a few weeks ago.

The *Transcript* says: Our correspondent at Georgetown writes that on Friday, the 16th, some wood choppers in the vicinity of the Maine mine discovered that a cabin on the side of the mountain, Sherman—had been covered up by a snow slide, and upon inquiry, learned that three miners, named Martin, Jansen and Morgan, had been stopping there; and as no one had been seen lately, it was but natural to suppose that they had been buried by the avalanche. Acting upon this supposition, a party of miners went to work to remove the snow, and the bodies of the three unfortunate men were found crushed and lifeless among the ruins of the cabin. Our correspondent has not been able to ascertain anything more of the victims than that one was a Swede, one an Englishman, and one a Scotchman. Their bodies were brought to town to await the action of the coroner.

In tearing down Mr. Graham's house, in Fort Collins, a few months ago, a piece of black silver ore, a massive, compact, sectile mineral, of an iron black color, consisting of silver, antimony, and sulphur, called also brittle silver ore or brittle silver glance, was found. It has been estimated at 70 per cent silver, or to the value of $16,000 per ton. Mr. John Schenck found a piece of this same ore on the river bank, near the slaughter house. Mr. H. C. Peterson has also picked up one or two pieces of the same rich ore. Mr. Gill drove his wagon over a large lump of it near the Pueblo Union, and smashed it to pieces. It has been traced some distance among the foot hills, and knowing ones believe the mine from which all these specimens have been washed is not over two miles from the residence of Mr. Marsh, at the mouth of the canon. Prospectors are now searching the hills in that vicinity, and we sincerely hope some fortunate individual may find this fabulously rich ore. *Larimer County Lyre.*

PERS AND THERE.

The Chinese Chiefs wants further assistance from Russia against his rebellious subjects.

The Advocates' Library, at Edinburgh, caught fire recently, and 1,000 volumes were burned.

The Boston school fathers have decided in favor of having sewing taught to the girls of the lower classes in the grammar schools.

The British House of Commons has rejected the bill which was introduced some time since to allow Scotch universities to admit women to degrees.

The excessive freezing weather through which the West has passed this season has had the effect to cause many large trees in the forest to split open.

It is estimated that 65,000,000 bushels of wheat will be marketed within the next ninety days. At present Eastern prices, this would bring $78,000,000.

Immense deposits of cinnabar are being found in Oregon. The mountains are full of prospectors, and new discoveries are being made every few days.

The New York *Herald* is sanguine that a decided business revival has commenced and that the present year will remove all traces of the panic from the skirts of trade.

Two full-grown otters, driven by the cold from a creek in Lafayette County, Ind., recently walked deliberately into a dwelling house for the purpose of warming themselves at the fire.

Rio de Janeiro is going to have a fire alarm telegraph, and a paid fire department, composed of 400 men, in eighteen companies, organized in the same manner as the force in New York.

Since the passage of the Civil Rights bill the Pennsylvania Colonization Society has received applications from eighty eight negro families in Alabama for transportation to Liberia.

Russia's most fiery demand is for coal. Her product does not exceed 100,000 tons per annum, and this quantity is obtained entirely from one source, which is likely to become exhausted in a very few years.

The Bey of Tunis has given the United States the title to the residence which has for many years been occupied by our Consul at Tunis, and it has been accepted.

Many persons will be surprised to learn that Liverpool, England, is not an incorporated city. It is merely a town, and a movement is proposed in the direction of obtaining a city charter.

Texas talks of dividing herself into two States. The worst thing about Texas is that there is too much of her. You could put four or five Illinoises into her geographical area, and have a big margin to spare.

Gen. Spinner's retirement from the office of United States Treasurer will necessitate the counting of every dollar in the treasury vaults, amounting to more than one hundred millions of dollars.

It is claimed in England that the title of cardinal is not necessarily ecclesiastic, and it comes within the category of foreign orders of nobility that cannot be legally held without the direct consent of the Queen.

It was so excessively cold in Jerusalem during the past Winter that, for the first time in the present generation, ice was formed. The Arabs, having never seen ice before, were sorely puzzled, and could not comprehend why "water should change into glass."

Japan has become accustomed to Western notions, and all classes take very kindly to every improvement in locomotion. The third class carriages on all the railways are crowded by natives, and probably there is no country in which the poor can travel by rail so cheaply.

Col. Tom Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Central, has declared his intention of putting light hauls, fast trains on the route between New York and Philadelphia, and reducing the time between the two cities to one hour and a half, instead of three, as at present.

It is a comfort to mention the fact that Gen. Myers has promised to reform the signal service and give the country balmy weather. He proposes to make the mercury slide up through as many degrees as a graduate of a German university.

The British Government has granted a pension of £300 a year to Mr. Wood in recognition of his labors at Ephesus, and the distinguished service rendered by him to science and history by the discovery of the site of the Temple of Diana.

The beauty of "strikes" is well illustrated in Massachusetts, where the closing of six mills takes $100,000 wages each month from the workmen, while the hands who are still employed have to pay an onerous "Union" assessment to support their striking brethren in idleness.

Germany appears to be on the eve of a great financial convulsion, similar to that which unsettled the country in '73 and Vienna the previous year. Settlements in Berlin are made with extreme difficulty, and during one week no less than twenty eight failures occurred. Two persons committed suicide in consequence of financial reverses.

A legislative representative for the tide-water district was advocating the oyster interests of his constituents, when he was interrupted by a conservative member from the interior, who asked him if he believed an oyster had sense. He replied that an oyster had sense enough to know when to keep his mouth shut, and that was more than some members of the legislature had.

It has been estimated that of 12,000,000 women in America, 11,000,000 wear calico dresses, more or less; that the spirit of economy has, during the past year, induced them to forego one dress apiece from their usual outlay; that the average calico dress contains eleven yards, and that consequently there has been a loss to the trade by this retrenchment of 121,000,000 yards. This is nearly the entire product of all the mills of Massachusetts for a year.

Bergamo, the city in which Donizetti was born and died, has resolved to remove the bones of the great composer from their extramural place of interment to the church of St. Maggiore, and deposit them at the base of the magnificent marble monument executed some years ago in his honor by the sculptor Vela. The ceremony will take place next Autumn, and many of the most distinguished artists of Italy and other countries will assist at the solemn funeral mass and the succeeding musical festival to be celebrated at Bergamo.

One of the most trying spelling matches anywhere on record took place lately in Boston. The contestants were, on the one side members of the press, and on the other high school boys. The newspaper company was mostly made up of compositors and proof-readers, commonly reputed to be accomplished spellers. Yet the boys were victorious. At the very last round, a proof-reader of the *Transcript* and a school-boy were the only ones standing. The proof-reader missed "conferrable," spelling it with one r.

Some time since a vessel was cast upon the shore of Lake Michigan, and the captain and the crew were threatened with death at any moment. Two horsemen were seen riding along the shore and looking at the vessel. The captain involuntarily gave the sign of distress peculiar to Odd Fellowship, and it was answered by the strangers, who at once turned about and, at full speed, retraced their steps. In three hours, a tug and life-boat, manned entirely by Odd Fellows, arrived, rescued the famished crew, and secured the vessel so that she was afterward removed with safety.

When Benjamin Franklin—rest his philosophic soul—made his will, he left to trustees in the cities of Boston and Philadelphia one thousand pounds each, to be loaned in small sums to the married mechanics of the respective cities, to assist them in starting in business; the interest to be compounded for one hundred years, at the termination of which time the aggregate was to be devoted to public improvements. Thrifty Bostonians have made the amount $182,2[illegible], and on the centennial of Franklin's death, fourteen years hence, hope to have $408,300. The Philadelphia trustees had but $46,535 last January.

An automaton of wonderfully clever construction is on exhibition in London, and is exciting more wonder than did Baron Kempelen's famous chess-player. In this instance, the concealment of a dwarf, or a legless man, inside the apparatus is shown to be impossible. The figure, which is a mass of wheels and springs, plays whist with self, and figures out simple arithmetical problems. It is placed on a table with a glass top, so that it seems to be totally disconnected, with whatever agency controls its intelligent movements. Its owner is amassing a fortune by exhibiting it, and men of considerable scientific resource are trying, thus far in vain, to discover the mystery.

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